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FATHER JOHN OGILVIE, S.J.



BY
CHARLES J. KARSLAKE.



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FATHER JOHN OGILVIE.



FATHER JOHN OGILVIE, S.J.

Martyred at Glasgow,

March 10, 1615.

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UN

AN AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT
OF THE
IMPRISONMENT AND MARTYRDOM,
IN THE HIGH STREET AT GLASGOW, IN THE YEAR 1615,
OF
FATHER JOHN OGILVIE,
OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS.

Translated from an old Latin Pamphlet,
Published at Douay in the same year,

BY
CHARLES J. KARSLAKE,
PRIEST OF THE SAME SOCIETY.

"Opera Dei revelare et confiteri honoris causa est." —TOBIAS xii. 7.

LONDON: BURNS AND OATES.
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1877.

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PREFACE.

FATHER JOHN OGILVIE was a Scotchman, of good family, and was born in the year 1581. The precise place of his birth is not known, but Calderwood asserts that he was one of the Oglivies of Dunmuir. He was educated at the far-famed College of Douay, in the north of France, and received into the Society of Jesus by Father Ferdinand Alberi the then Provincial of Austria. After he had concluded the somewhat lengthy course of preparation customary in the Society of Jesus, and had been ordained priest at the College of Grätz in Austria, he obtained permission from his superiors to devote himself to the toilsome and perilous work of labouring for souls amongst his dearly loved Scotch fellow countrymen.

In these more enlightened and less intolerant days it is not easy even to imagine the wretched sort of life which was the lot of those amongst the Scotch who at the beginning of the sixteenth century still clung to the faith of their fathers. Still less easy is it to picture all the hardships and perils to which Scotch missionary priests

were exposed. The Catholic religion had been declared to be *no longer* the religion of Scotland, as the great monument to John Knox in the Necropolis of this city triumphantly, but rather suggestively, informs the Protestant passer-by. The crudest laws had, as we shall hear, been passed against Catholics, and their faith was continually made the subject of the foulest misrepresentations and of the bitterest ridicule, so that Dr. Lingard does not hesitate to say on the authority of the French Ambassador, that the fate of the Scottish was still more deserving of pity than that of the English Catholics.*

According to the popular ideas, carefully nourished by the instructions of the preachers, all Catholics were idolaters, traitors, parricides, everything that is bad; but even amongst Catholics there were supposed to be grades of infamy, by which we might go down and down from the ordinary lay Catholic, who was bad, and the priest, who was worse, to the Jesuit priest, who was taken to be the climax, the superlative degree of all badness, the very incarnation of all that was wicked, deceitful, treacherous, and cunning.

Calvin had declared in his work *De modo propagandi Calvinismum* that "the Jesuits, who are especially antagonist to us, must either be

* Vol. ix. p. 182.

killed, or if this cannot be conveniently accomplished, banished, or at any rate they must be overwhelmed with lies and calumnies ; ” and we may give John Knox and his disciples credit for fidelity in this respect to the instructions of their spiritual father.

By an Act of Parliament which had been passed, August 24th, 1560, the Pope’s jurisdiction was abolished within the realm of Scotland; and by another Act, passed at the same time, to say Mass, or even to hear a Mass, was declared criminal ; the first offence was to be punished with confiscation of goods, the second with banishment, the third with death. By another Act, passed in 1587, it was declared that “ all Jesuits and seminary priests found in the country should be taken and put to death, and that any one harbouring them for three nights should be liable to the confiscation of his goods.”

But although the Statute book had been defiled with such iniquitous laws, as these are now admitted on all sides to have been, it does not appear that they were frequently carried into execution to their full extent; first, and perhaps principally, because a sense of the injustice of the act deterred Scotchmen from putting into practice against their fellow-countrymen their speculative ideas of what Catholics deserved ; but besides this, in many places, such

as Aberdeen, Dunkeld, Paisley, and Eglinton, Catholics were still so numerous that it was considered, says a Scotch historian, “not safe to meddle with the Priests in saying Mass.”

We may hope, therefore, that the number actually put to death under these cruel acts was not great, though some certainly were. And amongst these one in this very city of Glasgow, on the 4th of May, 1574, simply for saying Mass. More commonly they appear to have received some such attentions as those which were afforded to four priests condemned to death for saying Mass at Stirling, in 1569.

“The Regent Moray,” says the author of the Church History of Scotland, “in the exercise of his clemency saved their lives, but caused them to be bound to the market cross, with their vestments and chalices, in derision, where the people cast eggs and other villany in their faces by the space of an hour, and thereafter their chalices and vestments were burnt to ashes. But clemency like this,” he adds, “was thrown away, the tender mercy of the Protestants was abused. Popish priests still persisted in saying Mass.”

That this clemency and tender mercy with which the laws were carried out did not spring from any improved spirit towards Catholics and Jesuits on the part of the Presbyterians may be

easily gathered from the petition which the General Assembly of April, 1593, had laid before King James after his accession to the thrones of the two kingdoms. This petition urged the following points :

That all Papists should be punished according to the laws of God and the realm.

That the Act of Parliament should strike upon all manner of men, landed and unlanded, in office or otherwise, as it was provided to strike upon beneficed persons.

That a declaration should be given against Jesuits, seminary priests, and trafficking Papists, declaring them guilty of treason and *lèse-majesté*, whereby the receivers of such persons might be punished according to law.

That all such persons as the Church should declare publicly to be Papists, although they were not excommunicated, should be debarred from brooking any office, having access to his Majesty, or enjoying any benefit of the laws, and that all the civil pains which followed excommunication should follow this declaration.

This will suffice to indicate the sort of life which a Jesuit priest had to expect who was sent in those days to labour for souls in Scotland. Without some such explanation, the account which follows would perhaps not have been easily intelligible to many, but there is no

need to rake up further the horrors of those days, the bigotry and intolerance of which are deplored by all dispassionate and unbogated Scotchmen. "It appears hardly credible," says Dr. Gordon in the Article in his "Scotichronicon" headed "John Ogilvie" (adopting our Father Oliver's expressions), "that the wanton barbarities which Father Ogilvie had to endure could have been directed and sanctioned by the constituted authorities. They are scarcely to be paralleled by the refined cruelty of the persecutors of Christians during the three first centuries of the Church, or of the Indian savages and cannibals, and could only be surpassed by the Father's meekness, patience, and alacrity."

It was towards the end of the year 1613 that Father Ogilvie succeeded with Father Moffet in getting back into Scotland. He would of course have come disguised, to avoid being captured by the Presbyterians, who were ever watching for any one having the least appearance of being a Catholic priest. From the time of his arrival he devoted himself with unflagging energy and with a zeal truly apostolic to the object of his mission, journeying from place to place, seeking out the faithful, exhorting them to patience and courage, administering to them the holy sacraments, strengthening the weak, consoling the afflicted amongst them, and

winning back many to the fold of Jesus Christ, eluding all the time with a wonderful dexterity the vigilance of the Protestants, with the same sort of "meanness" with which a poor hare meanly tries to escape the hounds. He would in all probability have eluded his persecutors much longer but for the treachery of which we shall hear.

It was, however, the adorable will of God that the career of Father Ogilvie in Scotland should be as brief as it was brilliant. He was captured about the 14th of October, 1614. Within six months from his arrest he was condemned to death, and within three hours from his condemnation had won, at the early age of thirty-four, a martyr's crown.

A few words seem here appropriate about the man who took the most leading part in procuring the execution of Father Ogilvie. That person was beyond all dispute John Spottiswoode, pseudo-Archbishop of Glasgow. This gentleman, together with two others, had received in London from the three English Bishops of London, Bath, and Ely, all the ecclesiastical respectability and all such further episcopal power, grace, and authority as the ceremonious imposition of hands of these three lawn-sleeved laymen was able to convey, and thus equipped for his arduous duties, was duly

ensconced in the old episcopal palace at Glasgow at the time when Father Ogilvie arrived. The motives which were influencing him in his vehement zeal to have Father Ogilvie executed are easily traced.

King James VI. of Scotland, and I. of England, regarded with no little anxiety the Presbyterian plan of Church government. "The maxim," says Lingard, "No bishop no King," was deeply impressed on his mind. He longed to see a submissive episcopate in Scotland, such as already existed in England, and himself the supreme head of the Kirk of Scotland, as he already was of the Church of England. With what vehement opposition the Presbyterians had striven to resist the King's efforts to establish this so-called episcopacy there is no need to say; suffice it for us, that at the time we are speaking of, the King, partly by force and partly by intrigue, had in the main succeeded in his design, and the struggle was now virtually over. "The vehement debates in the Assembly, the bold defiances of the King, the free utterance of thought in the pulpit were all hushed, and there was a dead lull after the storm, broken only by the grumbling of some discontented synod or presbytery. But the fear of Popery had not yet died away." It was impossible to disabuse the minds of the people

of the groundless notion that this “episcopacy” was in some way connected with that faith which the ministers taught them to look upon as the embodiment of all that was wicked, and whose head upon earth they professed to believe to be “the man of sin” himself. The Presbyterians were accordingly looking anxiously to these new bishops for some unmistakeable proof of the sincerity of their hatred for the old religion, and the bishops were on their part looking out with no less anxiety for some means of conciliating the Presbyterians, and convincing them of the unfounded character of their suspicions. It was at this juncture that Father Ogilvie fell into John Spottiswoode’s hands.

According to Presbyterian history, the bishops felt it to be necessary that they should do something decided against the Papists for “honesty’s sake,” that is, some unmistakeably sound and good thing on the right side, such as the hanging of a Jesuit clearly was, lest they should appear more inclined to persecute the members of the true than those of a false religion : accordingly the false Archbishop of Glasgow was all along the most conspicuous man in the prosecution of Father Ogilvie.

The account which follows of the imprisonment and martyrdom of Father Ogilvie is a literal translation of a small, and now, I believe,

very rare Latin pamphlet, printed at Douay, in the year 1615. The main portion is taken from the martyr's own manuscript, the concluding part having been written by some of his Catholic fellow-prisoners, who were eye-witnesses of his martyrdom. I do not hesitate to give the account exactly as Father Ogilvie wrote it off in prison, rather than try and produce by its aid a story more pleasantly readable possibly, but lacking the interest which the martyr's own pen alone could bestow. The form of the account, neither distinctly narrative, nor distinctly dialogue, but a mixture of both, is a little confusing, as is also the frequent change of tense, and there will be found here and there some little disconnectedness and ruggedness, but these defects, if they are to be called so, are precisely what we should expect from the circumstances under which it was written, and to my mind add to rather than detract from the interest of the narrative. In the Appendix I have added an incident of which those who continued Father Ogilvie's account were probably not aware, in the words of Father James Browne, S.J., whose father had been another witness of the martyrdom, and close to the martyr all the time. It brings out, if possible, still more clearly what the true cause was for which Father Ogilvie died. I hope I may

claim the same indulgence from the reader's charity for any defects in my small part of the work as Father Ogilvie begs for the original, since it is the product of spare moments between one missionary duty and another. I read the little book with much pleasure, and I hope profit, when it fell into my hands a short while since, and it at once occurred to me that if it were put into an English dress, it might afford similar pleasure and profit to many others.

It appeared to me time that something was said about Father Ogilvie's martyrdom "for honesty's sake," and that the publication of this authentic account of it would be, in very truth, "an unmistakeably sound and good thing on the right side."

It seemed, moreover, to chime in well with the thoughts which are naturally uppermost in our minds at the present time, when Catholics of all countries and tongues have been endeavouring by every means in their power to testify to our Holy Father the Pope on the occasion of the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of his episcopal consecration, the sincerity of their love and devotion to the Holy See. The deeply rooted faith of Catholics in the spiritual supremacy of the Pope of Rome is, after all, the only real explanation of this beautiful outburst of loyalty towards our Spiritual

Father, which is so astonishing to the non-Catholic world, and this was the precise point of our faith for which Father Ogilvie cheerfully laid down his life at the place in the High Street, opposite the College gate, two hundred and sixty-two years ago.

Again, some of us may have been forced to form our ideas of Father Ogilvie from the garbled histories of the enemies of our holy religion. We may have found so many writers speaking of him as a "furious and reckless zealot," we may have been so repeatedly assured that "his spirits utterly failed him on the scaffold," that he was "*unable* there to utter a single word in his own defence;" that as he ascended the scaffold he was trembling and shaking; and above all, that he died "not for religion, but for treason against the King;" that we may have been rashly disposed to believe that there was some particle of truth in what was said. Should such have been the case, the transparently genuine account which follows may help to correct our ideas, and open our eyes to the real facts of the case.

To us, however, whose lot has been cast in the very city where Father Ogilvie died, the account will surely have a double interest. "Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friend," our Lord Himself

has declared, and our hearts must be cold indeed if they can listen unmoved to the account of one who laid down his life for Jesus Christ, a few streets, nay, perhaps a few doors only from the spot where we live.

And if we should be ever tempted to complain of any little sufferings or annoyance, which it may be our privilege to have still to bear for the faith in these days of greater tolerance, let us invoke Father John Ogilvie, and ask for some small spark of that spirit of fortitude which animated his noble soul. Or let us go and take a turn down the High Street, and the thought of what Father Ogilvie cheerfully bore there will shame us out of cowardice, and the Holy Spirit will whisper courage to our hearts. "You have not yet resisted unto blood."

I scarcely need add that in applying to Father John Ogilvie the glorious title of "Martyr," I have only done so because such appears to express the common consent of Catholics in Scotland about him, and because it is awarded to him as a matter of course in the following account, published at the time of his death, but without the remotest desire of anticipating the judgment of the Holy See.

CHARLES J. KARSLAKE,
21, Dalhousie Street, Glasgow.

Feast of St. Margaret of Scotland, 1877.

THE Translator's sincerest thanks are due to the Rev. Daniel Conway, of St. John's Church, Port Glasgow, as well for his kindness in lending the Latin original, as for the warm interest he has shown in this attempt to make Father John Ogilvie a little better known in Scotland.



ibishop's Palace.
neron's Tower.

St. Murgo's
Catheiral.

[To face p. 1.

AN ACCOUNT
OF THE
IMPRISONMENT AND MARYRDOM
OF
FATHER JOHN OGILVIE,
A SCOTCHMAN, PRIEST OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS.

From the Martyr's own Manuscript, written eight days before his death in the prison at Glasgow in Scotland, and continued on thenceforward by his fellow-prisoners, who were present at his martyrdom.

DOUAY.

AT THE PRESS OF THE WIDOW OF LAWRENCE KELLAM,
AT THE SIGN OF THE PASCHAL LAMB.

1615.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE IMPRISONMENT AND MARTYRDOM OF FR. JOHN OGILVIE, A SCOTCHMAN, PRIEST OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS, TAKEN WORD FOR WORD FROM THE MARTYR'S OWN MANUSCRIPT, WRITTEN EIGHT DAYS BEFORE HIS DEATH, IN THE PRISON IN THE CITY OF GLASGOW; AND CONTINUED ON THENCEFORWARD BY HIS EXILED FELLOW-PRISONERS WHO WERE PRESENT AT HIS MARTYRDOM, AS WILL BE MENTIONED BELOW.

The manuscript of the martyr begins with the following letter addressed to a friend:

My dear Sir,

Pax Christi,

Hand these documents to the Rector at the first Jesuit College you come to, and ask him to send correctly made copies to Father Claude Aquaviva, and to pray for me. The danger of being caught writing does not allow me to give descriptions, go into details, or make corrections, nor even to note down any considerable part of the facts. So my brothers

must in their charity excuse and correct any blunders, and pray for John Ogilvie, and for the rest who are fellow-prisoners with him for the Catholic faith.

The following appears to be by way of a Preface:

When I shall have opportunity, I shall describe the disputation. They were the reverse of pleasant to me, certainly, but will be amusing, if I mistake not, to the reader. Clamour had to be put down with clamour. And it was not with the clamour of one individual I had to deal with, but with the din of a number, and that with gnashing of teeth. I was obliged to quell the fury of the calumniators energetically, with that zeal which fervour gives, and in such a way, that when they heard their own real wicked conduct, patent to everybody's eyes, brought up against them, and placed in comparison with their false calumnies, and lying suspicions against Catholics, they might feel ashamed to have begun the attack. After they had given out their first syllogism, they did not know how to prove the proposition which I had denied, by any second syllogism, and thereupon I used to tell them that they could not prove what they asserted, and kept insisting that if they could prove it they should do so, or else that they

were defending a bad and false cause : because “he who is silent seems to consent.” I added that whatever I should say, I was ready to prove, moreover in writing, and to give it in to be examined by their College. They used to complain that I distinguished too often, and by my distinctions did not allow them to get forward, and so on.

The following letter is addressed to our Rev. Father :

Very Rev. Father in Christ,
Pax Christi,

Most beloved and most worthy Father ; dearest object of the affection of my heart after Christ and the heavenly court. My punishments are terrible and my tortures sharp : your paternal charity will make you pray for me that I may undergo them with generous courage for Jesus, Who triumphed over everything for us. And may Christ long preserve you as a most skilful leader of His old soldiers, and as a bulwark of His Church.

To your Very Reverend Paternity, your little servant in Christ, and most unworthy little son,

JOHN OGILVIE.

To the Very Reverend Father in Christ,
Father Claude Aquaviva, General of the Society
of Jesus. Rome.

That which follows seems intended to be annexed to that which went before:

The disputation took place almost every day. There were however three principal ones with their most learned men, and the objections of these were repeated almost every day by a variety of others. With the more learned we reasoned syllogistically, with the others we used ordinary conversation. Twice I was requested to wait for their answer in writing, because, as they complained, "I argued too subtly." But there was no hope of getting one. At present not a single disputant comes near me. In fact, they take care to prevent others coming to me unless by stealth and at rare intervals. The principal disputation were about the Mass, about St. Peter, and as to who is the judge of controversies. With regard to the Mass dealt with in this way, with syllogisms in writing, it was all over at once, so that the preachers quarrelled amongst themselves; and no one afterwards would either reply to me, or make further opposition on the subject.

The complete history he begins thus:

Catholic Reader,

Pax Christi,

I came to Glasgow six months ago to absolve five people from heresy. After I had

finished Mass, however, on the day after my arrival I was betrayed by one of those whom I was to have reconciled with the Church. The traitor was of a very high family, and very rich, and had been recommended to me by many as a Catholic, and as one who for a long time had been on the look out for some opportunity of being reconciled. I had intimated to him the hour which would be convenient for me to instruct him. About four o'clock in the afternoon I went out for a walk in the street with the Magistrate's eldest son ; at a sign given by my betrayer there runs up to me a servant of the Archbishop, a man of good family, and stalwart withal, and orders me off to his Lordship. Imagining that I was called to the sheriff, the grandson of the traitor (as we had arranged), I said that I would willingly go, and accordingly turned back for the purpose. But the son of the magistrate was unwilling to part with me and insisted on my first going to his house although the other man opposed it. Whilst, however, I am amicably arranging the dispute between the two, there is a concourse of town-officers and citizens. They seize my sword and begin pushing me and pulling me about. I inquire what harm I was doing ? and whether they were quite in their right senses ? I said that the others were quarrelling amongst themselves and that I had

nothing to do with it. No need for a long story. I am lifted up by the united rush of the gathering crowd and almost borne away on their shoulders into the house of the magistrate. They snatch away my cloak; I said that I would not stir a step without my cloak, and thereupon somebody promised me his; but I wanted my own, and at last got it away from them. I protested against the barbarity of the angry crowd, and promised them that every body should one day know how barbarously they had treated me when I was doing no harm to any one, and that without any form of law taken out, or any cause assigned. Whilst this was going on, the Bishop, who was in another part of the city, is told that those whom he had sent to me had been killed—that a general slaughter was taking place,—and that the city was in arms. As soon as he heard this statement he assembled the Lairds and Barons who happened to be at that time in the city, and came with them in a body into the street. He saw that everything was quiet there, and inquired where I was. It was night by this time. They told him that I was in the house of the magistrate that day elected. Thither he hastened with his whole company and called me out as I was sitting between the table and the wall. I obey, and he strikes me a blow and

says : " You were an over insolent fellow to say your Masses in a reformed city." I reply : " You do not act like a Bishop, but like an executioner in striking me." Then as though the signal had been thus given them they shower their blows from all sides upon me, the hair is plucked from my beard, my face is torn with their nails, until Count Fleming restrains those who were striking me by his authority and by main force. Then, whilst my senses had barely returned from the stunning effect of so many blows on my head, I am commanded to be stript. Some men there immediately obeyed the order, untying the strings and unbuttoning the buttons of my clothes, but when they are on the point of pulling off my shirt, very shame brought me back to my senses and I cried out to know what such wanton insolence was for. They find my breviary and take possession of it, together with a *Compendium of all the controverted Questions of Religion*, they seize the gold which I had in one purse and the silver which I had in another and a silver reliquary and the powder of Bezoar stone, and a ring, and also the seal with which I used to seal my letters. On the following day, they take my horse from the Inn together with my other property there, and they discover the church furniture together with Father Patrick's letter for finding our property

in Scotland, and together with a catalogue of names of Father Murdoch's. Their locality was betrayed by a certain Frenchman. They were in a very safe place, had men been only honourable and silent.

They threatened to proceed to extremities. I laugh alike at their threats, their angry countenances, and their words. Then they threaten me with the stocks.* I ask them to give what they promise, but they refuse, saying : "they were too kind to do it."

Reply. But lying is not kindness: why do you promise what you do not give?

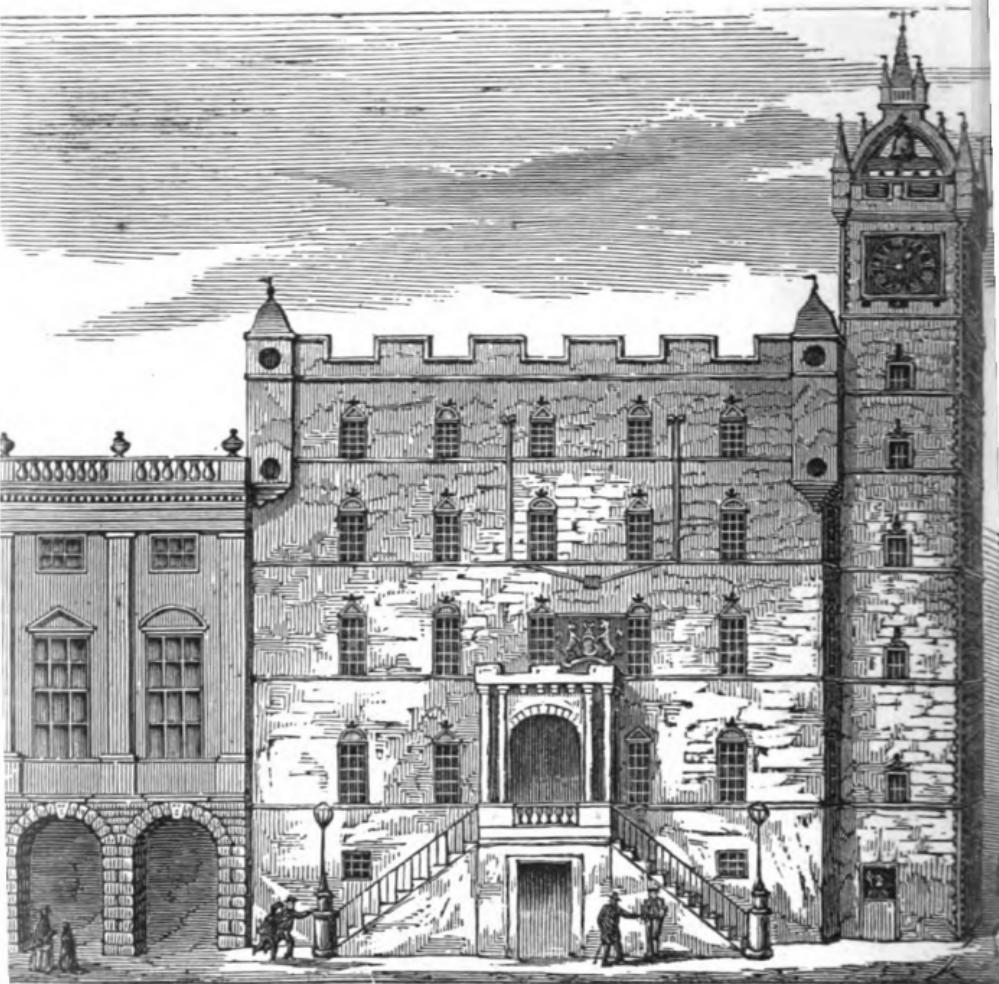
The keeper of the gaol observes that I am a strange sort of man, and that ordinarily prisoners do not urge the magistrate to punish them, but beg him not to do so.

R. They do this with good reason who are ashamed or are grieved for the cause of their imprisonment, or who are afraid of being taken or punished. But I glory in my cause and triumph in such a penalty.

Take care, said he, what you are doing, and to whom you are speaking.

R. I am already aware of that, do you take

* This, according to Father Patrick Anderson's account, was "a cruel mode of punishment, similar to the rack. The legs of the sufferer are squeezed so tightly that the blood and marrow sometimes come out."



THE OLD PRISON OR "TOLBOOTH" OF GLASGOW,
As rebuilt in the beginning of the 17th Century.

[To]

care to shut up your prison and go to sleep till to-morrow.

At this he went away. On the next day I am led out of the prison to the Episcopal Palace, where there was a great concourse of preachers and barons, and whither two had been summoned from the Royal Parliament.

I am brought up accordingly, ill as I still was from the blows of the previous day, and with an unusual trembling upon me. They talk a great deal about equivocations in swearing and mental reservation, and they hear what I have to say on these subjects, and we go on arguing the matter in as keen a way as we could on both sides, until they got ashamed of asserting in my presence such things as they could not defend. One is obliged thus to act, as it is the only way to put the break on the Tartan fury of the preachers. Then they ask me if I am of gentle birth. I said I was, and so were my parents before me. They ask if I had said Mass in the Royal dominions.

R. If this is a crime it ought to be investigated, not by my oath, but by witnesses.

We have proved it they say, by the testimony of those who saw you.

R. If the witnesses satisfy you on the point, all right, their testimony shall neither be weak-

ened by my denial nor strengthened by my confession until I see fit.

Then you are a priest, they say.

R. If you have proved to demonstration that I have said Masses, by the same witnesses you will be convinced that I am a priest.

How do they call you? they said.

R. Why ask such a question? If you suspect me, bring forward my crime, and prove it by witnesses; you have not deserved so well of me as that I should give you any gratuitous information. What by the law I must say I will, and I will give you nothing besides.

They ask, Do you acknowledge the King?

R. James is *de facto* King of Scotland. Here I was not a little afraid, but the stupid fellows, not understanding law terms, did not know how to examine further.

Swear it, they say.

R. Swear what?

Swear, they say, in order that, by the command and authority of the King, those who sit here may know whether you are plotting anything against the State. Purge yourself by oath, or you will be accounted guilty.

R. To swear to no purpose is a sin. It is against the commandment of One Who says, Thou shalt not take the name of God in vain, which I should do, if to no purpose I should

call God as a witness of my innocence, whilst I knew that according to law that invocation could not do me a particle of good. The law excludes oaths in cases of crime, and with very good reason, because sometimes self-love makes people perjure themselves to the damnation of their souls to save their bodies. And for this reason, lest the judges should be deceived, and lest a soul redeemed by the blood of Christ should perish through their insisting on oaths, they examine criminal causes by witnesses only. Therefore, since I am not bound to break God's commandment by swearing to no purpose, I am not bound to purge myself by oath from the things charged against me. But do you prove that which you assert by witnesses, and if you cannot do this, why do you put an innocent man to annoyance without any cause?

In the name of the King, then, they say, do you refuse to take the oath?

R. What am I to swear?

That you will speak, they say, to whatever we shall ask you, without equivocation and mental reservation.

R. Being bound by no law, I will swear that I will tell whatever I think right to tell, and what I do not think right to tell, I shall answer if asked that I do not wish to say.

They say, what do you not wish to say?

R. Whatever might in any way prejudice myself or an innocent neighbour.

And why, they say, will you not testify to such things as those?

R. Because I am not obliged, and do not wish to commit sin. In the first place, I am not bound to sin, which I should do if I should harm an innocent neighbour. In the second, the foundation of all law is the law of nature (which aims not at man's destruction, but at his preservation), and against that law, and through it against every law, I should be acting, were I wilfully to destroy or injure myself. And therefore I do not wish to speak or swear to anything harmful or tending to criminate either myself or any other innocent person.

At length, after a long discussion, to escape annoyance and shun dangerous and malicious questions, upon being ordered to swear to those things only which I might be willing to speak to, I took the oath, and on being interrogated told them my name, family, country, relations, degree, where I had studied, and my religious order. Then I was asked if I had said any Masses in the King's dominions.

R. This, by reason of the King's edicts and the Acts of Parliament, would prejudice me and my neighbour, and does not pertain to the King's forum, and therefore I am not bound to

say, because I am not bound by any law to ruin myself and other innocent persons.

If they were judges, I say, it was their duty to inquire after crimes not after sacrifices. And I add that thefts, treasons, homicides, poisonings belonged to the King's forum, not the sacraments of religion.

They assert that the King is not a layman.

R. He is not a priest, nor has he ever received the first tonsure.

They ask me, what had I come to Scotland for?

R. To unteach heresy.

They inquire who had given me jurisdiction, since neither the King nor any bishop had given it.

R. I smiled, and said that the latter were all laymen along with the King, and had no jurisdiction any more than he,—that the sheep of Christ had been committed to Peter, and that whoever might wish to feed them in any part of the world must ask for permission from the Apostolic See, where, according to the promises of Christ, there is preserved, through the infallible assistance of the Holy Spirit in a continual succession of persons to the end of the world, the authority and power first given to the Prince of the Apostles whereby Simon the son of John was hardened into the rock of the Church, that

so he might be Cephas and be called Peter. From that Apostolic See, I continued, is my jurisdiction, and that jurisdiction by an *ordinary* route, counting backwards through all the Pontiffs I am able to trace back to Christ.

It is the crime of treason, they say, to assert that the Pope has spiritual jurisdiction in the King's dominions.

R. It is of faith that he has.

They say, do you dare put your signature to that?

R. Even with my blood, if need be, and forthwith I subscribed my signature.

They say, can the Pope depose the King?

R. He cannot depose a lawful King and an obedient son of the Church as such.

They say, but what if he should be a heretic?

R. That opinion is held by many doctors, that is to say, that the Pope could depose an heretical king.

What do *you* say? they urge.

R. When it shall be defined to be of faith I will die for it, and when I shall be judge of King and Pope I will say what the latter can do and the former deserves. As to what is my opinion at the present moment, I am not bound to say until I am juridically questioned by the judge of religious controversies, that is, by the Pope or by some one having authority from him.

In reply to their questions about the Gunpowder Plot, I said that I detested parricides, and did not approve of them.

They said, Jesuits and Papists teach such things.

R. Let those who wish for the truth of the matter read the acts of the Council of Constance, and they will see that heretics teach such things, but that Catholics condemn everything of the sort. For Wickliff teaches that subjects may kill their masters when they are wicked, and that they lose their right whilst they sin; and that priests in like manner lose their priesthood, all which the Council condemned. The Gunpowder Plot was the work of a handful of courtiers, but that was not the case on that 17th of September of yours when with a great band of armed men you wanted to kill the King along with the Council in the Parliament House.* And you would have actually accomplished it unless the attendants, aided by a concourse of craftsmen, had rescued the King from your hands. There are two thousand this very day at Edinburgh who took up arms that day, and so many could be witnesses that there were three preachers exhorting them to bear themselves bravely, crying

* The disgraceful events with which Father Ogilvie taunts his adversaries on this and the following page had occurred in the year 1596. They will be found fully detailed in Tytler's *History of Scotland*, vol. vi. pp. 337 seq.

out, “God and the kirk,” whilst on the other side they were shouting for “God and the King.” A performance for which Edinburgh deserved to be burned; and, in fact, was fined a large sum of money. And if this is not enough to satisfy you:—Your Achilles and head preacher, Robert Bruce, who still lives not far from hence, wrote to the father of the Marquis of Hamilton, to come and take away the crown from an unworthy King who favoured the Papists, and that he and his would assist him. But the Marquis handed the letter to the King, and some of your preachers got transported. This was no conspiracy of a handful of courtiers, but a conspiracy of preachers, and an insurrection openly carried on out of doors. Against the Jesuits you can bring forward nothing but lying suspicions, having their origin in ill-will. These things which I say, the King himself was an eyewitness of, and so were a thousand others.

They asked me a great deal about Father Garnett.

R. He was innocent, and should not for the whole world have betrayed the name of one who made sacramental confession to him.

The Archbishop says, If any one should confess to me anything against the life of the King I would betray even a person who confessed.

R. No one had better confess to you.

They say that it was for this the Pope had canonized him.

R. How do you know that?

Because they say he is painted at Rome amongst your martyrs.

R. The argument is a weak one which is taken from poets and painters.* I say, however, that he is a martyr if he died for the seal of confession, and that if the Pope has declared him a martyr I am willing to lay down my life in defence of the fact.

The Archbishop says, Have done with these hypotheses of yours! What do *you* say?

R. If the things are true which he wrote from the prison, and which the ambassadors of two kings and a great many other gentlemen have witnessed to in writing, and which I have read in passing through England, he died happily and holily, and was innocent of the Gunpowder Plot.

They brought forward the public acts.

R. Since they were the work of enemies we must not easily put confidence in them; and I do not see any reason why I should not trust my authorities, who are worthy of credit. But however the case may be, I answer, no one has

* This seems a hint at the Scotch proverb, “Poets an’ painters hae liberty to lie.”

made me judge of these things, and so I am not going to answer any more about them, for I came into this country not to preach Garnett but Christ; I will mind my own business now as he did his then, "every man for himself, and God for us all."

It was by this time twenty-six hours since I had tasted anything, and I was suffering from fever, and although I got warm with the clamour of the disputation, still a paroxysm coming on made me shiver, and so I was ordered to go back to the fire, and there was accosted by a Highlander, and one who was almost a fellow-townsman, as a wicked and perjured liar, who had forged an honest surname, and would thus cloak his wicked profession, but he would soon bring it about that the noble name of "Ogilvie" should no longer be fouled with an infamous Jesuit blur, and he added, "If it were not for the respect I have for so many noblemen standing around, and for the Episcopal Palace, I would send you straightway into the burning fire."

R. If you should decide to put me into the fire it could never happen more conveniently than now, as I am very cold, but I told him he must take care lest I should scatter the cinders and coals through the house, and so he might himself be compelled to sweep the building which he had himself caused to be made dirty.

With these and similar jokes I retorted to the man's taunts, so that even the bystanders, who would have liked to have had me abroad that they might have perforated me with their daggers like a sieve, laughed at him, and he himself, when the truth was after a while ascertained, amicably promised to do anything for me.

The Lord Provost of the city asserted in the presence of everybody that I was no Ogilvie, but a Stuart, and a fellow-townsman of his own, that I had a brother who was a preacher not far out of the city, and that my mother was still alive in the city itself. There are some other fellow-townspeople present to assert the same, and some boyish thefts and robbings of orchards are brought to my remembrance in proof of the fact. I deny it, they maintain it, and I am condemned by everybody as a perjured man. Next day the supposed mother comes up, but does not recognize me as her son because "I was not lucken-handed,* and was not a halflin,† but very sharp." And so I have my laugh at those who had their laugh at me. I am led back to prison, and two days subsequently to my cell; a little after that I am fastened with two rings to a lump of iron of about two hundred pounds in weight, shaped like a pole, so that I could only sit and lie on

* Having, that is, the fingers fastened together. † A dolt.

my back, but could do nothing else whatever, unless stand for a little while. Meanwhile a letter comes back from London. I am ordered to be examined with the leg torture of the boots that I may betray the places and the persons of the Catholics. The commissioners from the King arrive, and condemn to death fourteen Catholics who were in prison with me, some to the gallows and some to the wheel, and whilst the King is asked about the carrying out of the sentence, the condemned are shut up in different places. I am taken to Edinburgh, and whilst I am being led through the crowd of the friends and wives of the condemned I am greeted with mud, snow, and curses, the provincial judge even urging them on to it, and although it was forbidden by the servants of the bishop, the ministers looked on in silence and did not try to stop it. I ride on gaily through the streets as if I cared naught for it, so that they are surprised at my coolness. I said in a loud voice, according to the Scottish proverb: "It's past joking when the head's aff." Is there anything else you may wish to do and say to me? A certain woman cursed "my ugly face." To whom I replied, "the blessing of Christ on your bonnie countenance," thereupon she openly protested she was sorry for what she had said, and would never more after that say anything

bad about me. The heretics took notice that I gave back blessings for curses, and was good humoured with those who were angry.

To avoid being recognized at Edinburgh by my cloak I changed it temporarily for my riding coat, but it was to no purpose. They bring in every day whomsoever they can, and question them if they had seen me before, and in whose company, and in this way they found out that many had been with me and where I had been. Then they spread abroad the report that I had secretly betrayed those whom they had thus found out, or whom they had made tell and betray others from fear for their own safety. I stop at Edinburgh at the bishop's house. The boots for torturing the legs are brought forth, and I am every day threatened that they will proceed to extremities, that so I may betray the places and persons. If I would betray them they promise me liberty and rewards, and if I should be willing to turn heretic they promise me a Provostship at Moffat, and a grand marriage. I said laughingly that, from the similarity of the names, these ought to be offered to Father Moffet, not to me, who was an Ogilvie.

They replied that he was too silly.

R. He is certainly much more learned and much wiser than I am; if he is not clever enough, I should never suit.

The day named arrives, and the Commissioners assemble, and I am summoned.

They ask, when you came to this city, where first did you receive hospitality?

R. I say that I am not bound to tell the persons and the places; granted they were judges, it was their duty to look out for crimes not for persons.

They say that the King can inquire where you may have been a guest, so as to judge if you are plotting anything against the good estate of the commonwealth.

R. If the King's question were merely a civil one I would answer, but as I do not acknowledge him as judge in spiritual things I cannot with a safe conscience answer him in spiritual things.

They say the inquiry is a purely civil one.

R. No; for action and moral power, such as is that of the King, take their species and nature from the end and the circumstances. Now the King's end is spiritual, because it is out of hatred of the faith that he inquires, that he may find out the Papists and punish them, as is evident from the Glasgow prisoners and the Catholic gentlemen under arrest. For if I should say where I was guest you would frighten them to tell about themselves and to betray others who have been seen with me, and in this way

bring them to punishment, and thus I should be the cause of their harm, and slay the innocent by my stupidity, or cast them into peril of perversion on account of persecution, all which would be against God and my neighbour and consequently a great sin. But as no one is bound to sin against God and his neighbour, nor ought any one to do so, I ought not to answer this question, because as soon as I gave the information your first inquiry seeks, you would use it to obtain the further information you need, and hence I could not give it without the loss of my soul, the offending of God, and the ruin of my neighbour.

They say, Are you unwilling to obey the King?

R. All things which are due to the King I will render him.

They say, The King forbids Masses, and you say them.

R. Whether Christ or the King is “rather to be obeyed, judge you.” The King forbids it, but Christ, in St. Luke xxii., has ordained it, and commanded Masses to be celebrated, as I will prove to you if you wish it. And if the King condemns what Christ instituted, how will he escape being called a persecutor?

They say that the King of France has for-

bidden his country to Protestants, and that Spain burns for religion.

R. Neither Francis has forbidden France, nor does Philip burn for religion but for heresy, which is not religion but rebellion.

At this the secretary gives a nod to the Archbishop and laughs ; the latter gave a sign with his head that he did not care at all, but says nothing. Then they say : You ought not to have come into this kingdom against the will of the King.

R. The King cannot forbid me my own country without any legitimate cause, since I am just as much a natural subject as the King himself.

They say, He has well grounded fears both for himself and the state, on account of you Jesuits.

R. Let him do only as his mother and all the other Sovereigns of Scotland have done before him, and he will have no reason to be afraid of the Jesuits, any more than the King of Spain is afraid of them. What more do we owe to him than our ancestors to his ancestors ? If he has all his right to reign from his ancestors, why does he ask for more than they have left him by right of inheritance. They have never had any spiritual jurisdiction, nor have they ever exercised any ; nor held any other faith than the Roman Catholic.

One of the members said in anger, the commissioners have not come here for the sake of a disputation.

R. And I do not dispute, but show that I ought not to be countryless, and that what you ask for pertains not to the King, since I have committed no crime. If I have done anything let them prove it by witnesses that I have offended against the whole State or some part of it. Since you cannot do anything of the kind why do you annoy me?

One of them says : You cannot better clear yourself from the suspicion of conspiracy than by saying, at such a place I was with such an one, this and that I have been doing in Scotland, interrogate the persons themselves and if they convict me, I shall be guilty. If you were in this way to go through all with whom you have been, nothing more could be brought against you. Your silence deepens our suspicions that you fear lest your accomplices should betray you.

R. I will use this advice when it shall be to my advantage ; but at present it is not to my advantage. First, because by offending God as a betrayer who ruins his neighbour I should kill my own soul. Secondly, nor would it do any good, but only harm, for the terror of you and the King's rewards might make some inconstant person feign that there was a conspiracy to gain

your favour and the King's, and thus you might have some cloak for your cruelty in taking my life whom now for fear of infamy you do not punish as you would wish to do.

They say that the King takes no one's life on account of religion.

R. And why then have the Glasgow prisoners been condemned to the wheel and gibbet?

They say, Pray do not force us to torture you according to the King's command.

I replied, that I would not tell them anything more.

They say, Do you defend the doctrine of Suarez?

R. I have not read Suarez's book ; if he has anything which is not of faith, let him who taught it defend it himself ; I am no satellite of Suarez. If any one wants to refute him let him write a better book on this subject himself.

They say, It is night, and we have other things to attend to. Meanwhile, until we again meet, consider whether you will satisfy the King or endure the worst.

R. I will think, but I have made up my mind what I am going to do, and have already told you.

Then I am commanded to depart, and they consider by what torture they would compel me to tell everything. Finally they decide on that

of deprivation of sleep. And accordingly for eight days and nine whole nights they forced me to keep awake with styles, pins, needles, and pinchings, threatening me meanwhile with extraordinary tortures and promising me great rewards. So that the report of my watchings was spread through all Scotland, and many were indignant and compassionated my case. Many lords and barons had recourse to me urging me to satisfy the King ; but when they obtained nothing except reasons for reasons the Bishop grew desperate and said that he would have given a large sum of money never to have had anything to do with me. A certain gentleman, moreover, who had presided over my watchings, declared before a great circle of people that he and his friends would have the most atrocious things done to me, and that the Parliament would never stop until the head of one who had been killed by many kinds of tortures was hanging over the western gate of the city as an example of obstinacy.

R. Bloodthirsty monsters that you are, I make no account of you all in this cause ; act according to your heretical malice ; I care nothing for you, I have asked nothing of any one, I will never ask, I have always despised you ; I can and will willingly suffer more for this cause than

you with all your friends are able to inflict. Stop bringing up such things to me, put them rather before weak women. Such things as those do not terrify but enkindle me. I laugh at such things just as at the cackling of so many geese.

My answer produced silence in the bystanders, and the man himself went away without a word, and left me with the gaolers. And after awhile he came back and asked me in a friendly way what I was in need of.

R. A bed to sleep upon. Then, without speaking, he indicated that he had said these things out of policy on account of those who stood round. But I knew the man's barbarous mind and said that I cared not, and did not wish to revoke any of my words and that I well enough knew what I was doing, and with whom and how I ought to act.

On the tenth day the commissioners return, and I am summoned before them. I was weak, for the watching so weakened me that I scarce knew what I said and what I did, or in what place I was, and very often I knew not in what city I was, and yet the preachers were then coming all the oftener, taking advantage of the opportunity; I am summoned, as I say, and they remind me of their clemency in trying me not with the leg torture, but with the watching.

R. If you had examined me with the leg

torture I might have been carried into the school or the church, and by teaching or exercising the duties of a priest in the confessional, might have earned my bread ; but since you have almost extinguished and killed the sensitive part of my brain by the watchings, what more harm could you have done to me except taking my life, since, according to my vocation, I serve Christ and the Church by the exercise, not of my shins but of my mind. You have tried to convert me but it was with a preacher's conversion, that is, by making a senseless man out of a man of sense and a fool out of a Jesuit. Good-bye to your Provostship if it is to be gained by a conversion of that kind.

They say, Unless you satisfy the King there are more horrible things coming.

R. If I had been going to tell you everything I would not tell now, lest I might seem to have told through constraint ; and as if I were moved and led by sense like a beast and not by reason as a man. Try your boots, with God as my guide, I will show you that in this cause I care no more for my legs than you for your leggings. I consider myself born for greater things than to be overcome by sense ; but I do not trust in myself but in the grace of God. And therefore, I reply, do not try to make me add or take away

anything from my words, but let them quickly do what by God's permission they are going to do to me. I sue for nothing. One thing only I beg for, that they do quickly what they are going to do.

The Archbishop says, You speak from passion; no one wishes to die quickly when he may well keep his life, as you are able to do, by accepting the things offered you by the favour of the King.

R. I am not speaking from passion but from my deliberate mind, and I will preserve my life if I can—provided I am not compelled to lose God for it—but since I cannot do both, I will willingly lose what is of less value for what is of more value. And so wearied with watching and standing I go back to my cell where a certain baron, a sheriff of a district of Glasgow, receives me with reproaches exclaiming against the hardness of my heart, and that, Scotchman as I was, I should dare to refuse to satisfy the King in anything. He said, If I were King, I would cook you in wax.

As I saw that the man was not to be appeased with courteous words I joked him and said, If God had wished to make you King, he would have made you a wiser man, and when I wanted to drink his health across the table, and he would not accept my challenge, I took him off in jest to get him out of his bad temper and make

them all laugh, and above all the Bishop who laughed a great deal, whilst the rest said that I had hit him off as if I had known him from the time he was a boy.

On my return to Glasgow on the following day he kindly invited me to visit his gardens and house, and I was well treated there also by the Bishop. Before I was captured I used to say my breviary at night in the heretics' houses when I was obliged to stay the night. A certain person who had noticed me whispering in a low tone and lighting a wax candle gives out that I was a magician, and after I was captured tells the Bishop about it, and the rumour goes through the country, to the amusement of the more sensible people. The man adds, inventing the lie out of his own head, that there were a crowd of black animals about me who used to feed me with I know not what kind of food and with whom I used to hold converse. I burst out laughing when the preachers related these things to me, and used no other argument to refute the calumny than by admitting that I used to say my breviary. Before an assembly, the preacher said that he did not yet know what I might be; and the Bishop said, If we had not found your letters and bundle I could not have known anything from you. Is not this an intolerable thing that you will let

out nothing, whilst so many are wearying themselves about the matter and not getting a step forward. I laughed, and said that I was sorry that they should have found so much as an argument of suspicion that they knew anything about me.

Andrew Knox, the Bishop of the Isles, said that he could say Mass as well as I. I asked if he was a priest, he replied in the negative. Then, said I in turn, you are not a Bishop, nor can you say Mass. He says, If you will forsake human inventions and follow the religion preached by the Apostles and professed by them, you will be well taken care of, because you are a high-spirited fellow and wide awake. I said, Your religion is not yet ten years old, for when I was a boy you held as an article of faith that there was not any head of the Church, and that no one ought to be called so except Christ alone; and now all swear and subscribe that the King is the head of the Church in his own dominions. And you yourself formerly swore and subscribed to the contrary. This is not Apostolic doctrine. St. Paul says, If I should destroy again the things which I have built up I make myself a prevaricator, now you preached at Paisley against the Episcopate, and said that you would openly declare him to be the devil who should be made a Bishop, and

that such a man deserved that people should spit in his face, and yet, on the fifteenth day afterwards, you were yourself made a Bishop. And not contented with the Episcopate of the Isles, you have taken another fatter one in Ireland. William Andrew Cooper brought out a book against the rank of the Episcopate, and now he is Bishop of Galloway. Have not all you preachers of Scotland in a public assembly sworn and subscribed that the name and office of a Bishop is to be abominated, and ought by no reason to be in the Church of God, and now you teach the contrary. Tell me, I pray, are not you preachers then prevaricators according to the Apostle ?

Not at all, they said, but truth makes itself more known, and now we see more than formerly.

R. Quite so ; you see thousands in the revenues of a Bishop, whilst as preachers you scarcely saw where to count a hundred. But tell me, if the Articles were then true, why are they now false ? and if they are now false, how were they then true ? You used to say then that they were the Word of God, and now you say that your doctrine is the word of God. What is this prevaricating doctrine of yours, building up and destroying the same thing ? what lying Word is this, and who is this contradicting God, whose Word you preach ? You

used to say then that it was the light of truth; if we were bound then to believe you, why should we believe you now that you have perjured yourselves? And if we ought to believe you now, on what authority and for what reason were we bound then to believe you? For as well then as now you brought forward Holy Scripture. Unless I am greatly mistaken your doctrine is "a wickedness lying to itself."

The Bishop said, Mr. Ogilvie, you are a spirited fellow; I wish that many of your sort were following me, and I would make good use of them.

R. I would rather follow the executioner to the gallows, because you are going straight to the devil.

Is that the way, says he, you speak to me?

R. You must forgive me, my Lord; I have not learnt court phraseology, and we Jesuits speak as we think. I may not flatter. I honour you for your civil dignity, and venerate your grey hairs, out of respect to age; as for your religion and episcopate, I count them as nothing. You are a layman, and have no more spiritual jurisdiction than your walkingstick. If you do not wish me to say what I think about you, you had better bid me hold my peace, and I will say nothing; but if you wish me to speak, I shall say what I think and not what you like.

I regret, says he, that necessity should have made you a Papist out of a Protestant.

R. You measure me by your own foot, and judge me by yourself, you abjured two articles of your faith for two Episcopates. I as my father's eldest son should have had the position of a gentleman by my patrimony, even if I had been uneducated, and if, like you, I chose to change my religion might have no despicable income, along with the good grace of the King.

He went off in a rage, and I stopped and enjoyed my laugh.

The Archbishop being questioned in Parliament by the Chancellor whilst I was away, said that none like myself had ever before come into these parts. And at dinner somewhere else he said that if I got off he would himself be willing to hang for me, since I should "put saut in their kail for them,"* as the Scottish proverb is, if I escaped. I know not what will come to pass. He talks, however, in the kindest way in my presence. He is wholly occupied in finding out the places and persons where and with whom I have been, and in inflicting punishment on them. They wonder that I should be only sorry about others being troubled, and rejoice in my own cross. They take care by

* To do them, that is, an irremediable bit of mischief.

whatever means they can that, except in the presence of the gaoler, no one shall say a word to me, or bring me paper or pen. Seldom any one comes in unless to annoy me, or to give me food ; if any one else comes he is looked upon with suspicion, or turned into ridicule. I came to Glasgow on the vigil of our Lord's Nativity, and was then fastened by both feet to my iron pole, but now I am only fastened by one foot, with a bolt and two iron chains binding the iron, lest I should contract disease from always lying on my back.

Once again a letter came back from London, and I am summoned to the assembly of the great dignitaries, and ordered to answer. Suarez and Bellarmine are lying on the table ; they ask if the Pope can depose an heretical King.

R. It is the opinion of many doctors, and a very probable doctrine, that he can, and when it shall have been defined as of faith I will lay down my life in defence of it, meanwhile I am not bound to say what I think until I shall be juridically interrogated by the judge of religious controversies, that is, by the Pope, or by one who has authority from him.

Secondly, they ask whether a King excommunicated by the command of the Pope may be killed.

R. You have no spiritual jurisdiction, and therefore lest I might seem to acknowledge that

the King has spiritual jurisdiction I do not wish to reply to a question of spiritual doctrine. If you were to consult me for the sake of instruction I would speak, but since you interrogate me as judges I cannot with a safe conscience say what I think. I have condemned both the oaths proposed to the English, of supremacy and allegiance.

They ask, if the Pope had jurisdiction above the King?

R. He has, if the latter is a baptized Christian.

They ask, Can the Pope excommunicate the King?

R. He can.

Then they asked, How can he excommunicate a man who is not in his Church?

R. A heretic is in the Church as regards the possibility of punishment, not as regards the communion of the gifts and graces of salvation, for just as the King can capture and punish banditti and robbers, so the Pope has power and ought to chastise rebellious heretics and those who fly from Mother Church, for the Pope acquires a right over a man when he is baptized, because then he enters the Church and becomes a member of the mystical Body and a sheep of Christ's flock, of which the Pope is the Shepherd.

And it is this very thing, says the Archbishop, which makes many have a horror of baptism.

R. Yes, indeed; this is the case with the proud who despise the humble yoke of Christ, and who, with their father the devil seek their own glory, and not that of Christ, but it has not that effect upon others.

A continuation of the same history down to the martyrdom of the aforesaid Father inclusive, from the account of his fellow-prisoners and of those who were present at it all.

They relate, amongst other things, that the Archbishop, of whom mention is often made above, sent an account of the whole affair, and of the questions put, to the King, representing many things in a calumnious way, and in bad part.* So at least it is believed, and not without good cause, for he had vowed that he would have him put to death. And to the whole account he put his signature, along with the rest of the gentlemen who were present. The same Archbishop removed from his place the gaoler of the prison, a man in other ways kind towards the prisoner, and substituted for him

* That these surmises were well founded will be evident to any one who peruses the Archbishop's "True (?) Relation," &c., as printed in the *Scotichronicon*, vol. iv. p. 606.

his own steward, a rough-mannered, hard-hearted man, who used to leave him in continual solitude, loaded with iron as above mentioned. Not trusting to the bolts with which these heavy feet-chains were fastened together, this man caused pieces of iron, like wedges turned back on either side, to be inserted in the joinings of the rings, so afraid was he lest the prisoner should escape, although the martyr used to say that he would not break even chains of wax, nor go out if the doors were opened, to desert so good a cause until it should seem good to Divine Providence to take care of him in some other way. They added, moreover, extraordinary watchings, the citizens succeeding by turns in the night watches. And when the Archbishop then at Edinburgh had heard that the man in chains had been treated more kindly than usual by his wife, which, however, she only used to do when, according to her custom, she had been indulging very freely in certain potations (such a sober lot are Archbishops among heretics), he sent for her, and desired that the martyr should even be deprived of this kindness. At last a letter was sent by the King, in which it was ordered that the prisoner should be delivered to death unless he denied those Articles to which he had subscribed. When the rumour of this was noised abroad

and had come to the martyr, the gaolers came and asked him how he fared, to which he answered that he was bound to the ground with an iron weight pressing upon him. He asked then in turn whether they had any news, to which they answered none. Then, said he, I tell you the news, that a priest is going to die to-morrow or the day after.

Meanwhile the Archbishop returned from Edinburgh with many gentlemen of rank, and others ill-disposed to the Catholic faith, that they might come to a decision with regard to the martyr. The day before he died the martyr washed the bystanders' feet, and invited them to be present at his nuptials, which were to take place on the following day. The whole following night he spent not without weariness, by reason of the noise of the gaolers, but when it was dawn the others were excluded, and he obtained, how he might, a time of quiet for prayer, until the magistrate arrived with armed citizens, saying that he awaited the prisoner, and inquiring whether he was ready. The martyr made answer that he had been ready for a great while, and had longed for that hour. Then they led him out of the prison, half dressed, in a short cloak, torn under the arm, for the Archbishop's steward had appropriated his own cloak for himself. Whilst they

proceed, people of all sexes and conditions come running together to the sight, and amongst them the wives and relatives of his condemned fellow prisoners, who, a few days before, had heaped reproaches upon him, and pelted him with snow-balls, regarding him, as they did, as the cause of all their miseries. But now that the affair had been more thoroughly investigated, and his innocence, constancy, and fidelity made known, inasmuch as he had not discovered a single one of the Catholics, they were invoking every blessing on his head, and not without tears. And all the rest of the crowd, even the heretics, were doing the same. Being brought, moreover, into the Town-hall, where the judges of iniquity were sitting, he is placed with uncovered head in the place set apart for the examination of criminals. The roll of the jury-men having been called in the usual way, he was asked whether he had any exception to make to them, or anything to object, and whether he was willing that his cause should be tried by these men. Whereupon the martyr replied that if they were friends they ought in the same cause to submit to the same lot of calamity with himself, and if they were his enemies, they could not be fair judges of him. Your judges then, they said, must be sent for from Rome, or, at any rate, we must call those

who have heard your Mass. To which the martyr replied, these poor people, said he, know better how to take care of themselves and their families by the selling of their wares than to preside in judging criminal causes. And when the Archbishop asserted that the martyr had made them poor, he retorted that it was he himself rather who had done this by wearing them out with the miseries of prison, and exhausting their substance, and that then they were forced to hand over what little was left to them to the Archbishop to buy off his persecution, but that he had been burdensome to no one, but had devoted himself to the single object of refreshing his own people with spiritual consolation and keeping them free from heresy. And when the Archbishop replied to this that he was telling a lie; Define a lie, he said, if you know how. I speak as I think, and what I know to be true. Moreover upon being interrogated whether he would wish to admit amongst his judges a gentleman who was a Catholic, and had been accused that the martyr had celebrated Mass in his house, he answers (in order to free the other from peril) that he had suspicion of him, for since, says he, he was accused on my account, I am afraid lest he might be impelled against me by the desire of vindicating himself. After this he replied to the fifteen

jurymen as when formerly examined, and in the former manner to each point. But when he had answered (as we have seen him do in what goes before) to the last two questions (viz., whether the Pope could depose an excommunicated king, and whether he could deliver him up to be struck, &c.) that he would make no reply, the judges insisted on the assertion that silence in this matter would be taken for confession of guilt. Then judge me, said he, by my words and works, and leave the judgment of thoughts to God, to Whom that office pertains. But are you not willing, they say, to comply with the King's will in this respect. In all things, he replied, in which I ought to obey his Royal Majesty, I will show myself most observant, for if any one should invade his temporal state I would spend the last drop of my blood in fighting for him, but in those things which the King has usurped to himself, that is to say, in the use of spiritual jurisdiction, I neither may nor can render him obedience. But let the King take heed lest he who usurps another's right lose his own. I will, therefore, make no reply to those things lest I should seem to attribute to the King a spiritual jurisdiction, which he has not. I would perhaps act otherwise if any one should propose to me those questions for the sake of advice. But I

says one of the jurymen, do consult you about these difficulties: what do you answer? It seems to me a ridiculous thing, says the martyr, that you who are judge should ask counsel from me who am under criminal accusation about these Articles. And for this reason I will make no reply to the judges upon these things until the Church has decreed something certain. You are merely endeavouring to catch me in my own words, and to find pretext for the cruelty with which you long for my death. You appear to me like a swarm of flies besetting on every side a juicy dish, or to fishermen who are surrounding on all sides with their nets a poor little fish in a fish-pond. On their interrogating him whether he approved parricides, he said that he indeed detested them. And as the judges assembled together that they might by their collective suffrages pronounce sentence of condemnation, he recalled to their minds the Divine Judgment, and reproached them with the wickedness of their judgments against Catholics. Then to the Archbishop inquiring whether, if his life were granted to him, and he were condemned to exile, he would wish to return into the country. If, said he, I should be exiled for any evil deed committed, I should certainly take care not to come back, but if I were exiled for this cause which I sustain, I

should not fail to retrace my steps to the country. And would that every hair of my head might convert a thousand to the orthodox faith, and you, Archbishop, in the first place. I do not consider that consciences are bound by these iniquitous statutes of yours enacted without law and without authority, against the worshippers of the true religion, especially whilst I have at hand the laws and statutes of all our kings and queens of former ages favouring my cause. Because if the King had treated all you ministers to the gibbet when you opposed him in your petty council held at Dundee, or at Aberdeen, decreeing that no one ought to be acknowledged as Head of the Church upon earth, then indeed I should fear to return from exile into the country. But since he has spared you in so iniquitous a cause (as is one that militates against his own person who says that he is Head of the Church), why should not I obey Christ rather than the King? Why should I not hope that the King will be kind to me in so just a cause, who has even tolerated you in so unjust a one?

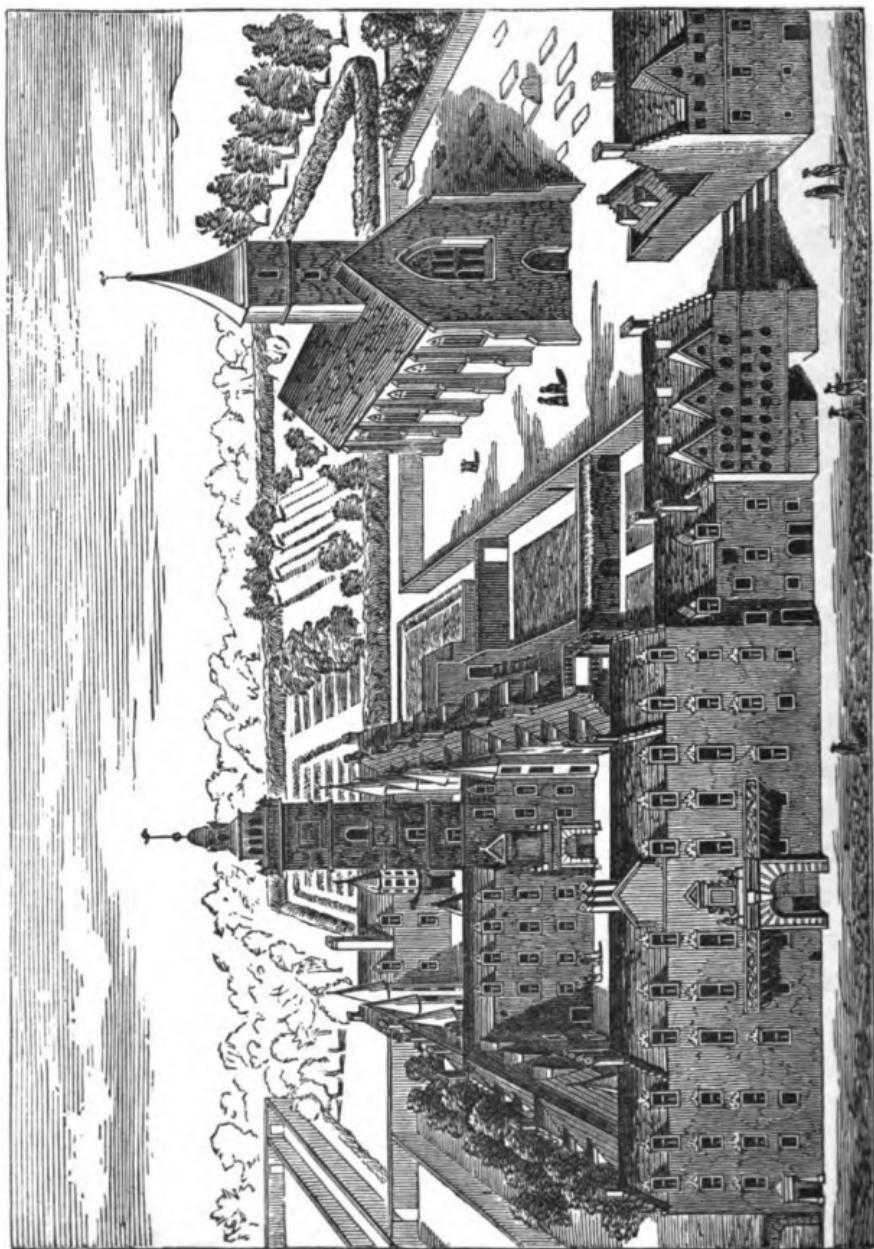
The judges soon returned from their consultation and pronounced on him sentence of death, which was of this kind, viz., that he should be conducted to a gibbet erected for him in the public street, and having been there

hanged, his head should be cut off, and the four quartered parts of his body should be left exposed to sight, in four different public places. Then the martyr, after thanking them and imparting his blessing to the one who pronounced the sentence, and at the same time embracing him and thanking the rest, along with the Archbishop, and giving them his right hand said that he forgave all from his heart, as he desired that God would forgive him his sins, and after commanding himself to the prayers of Catholics, if any should be there in concealment, he turned himself to the wall and gave himself to prayer. The Archbishop meanwhile gave orders that since he had been condemned for the crime of treason he was not to speak anything to the people looking on. Whilst the martyr was thus praying, and after all the others had gone away for their dinner, a servant of the Bishop came up to him along with the sheriff, and having handed him over to an executioner (whom the martyr embraced and bid him be of good heart and said that he forgave him), orders him to be bound and led to the place destined for his martyrdom. When he had come thither, he embraces and kisses the gallows prepared for him and gives himself up to prayer. All the people came flocking together to the sight, but he had been

forbidden to speak to them. When the minister, who stood by, however, gave out openly to the people that the man there bound was punished not on account of his religion but for the crime of treason, he indicated by the motion of his head (since speech was forbidden him) that such lies as these displeased him. One of his relations * exhorted him to submit patiently, even to this, and for so doing, was thrown headforemost by the servants of the Archbishop into the space which lay beneath the platform of the gallows, and would have died with a broken neck if he had not fallen on the closely-packed multitude. The servants exclaimed as they threw him off, Why should a traitor like you patronize another traitor ! When the martyr, who was persevering in his prayers had observed what was done, he said to his persecutors, I am astonished at your way of acting ; you forbid me to speak for my cause, and meanwhile you misrepresent the same cause and myself also to the people. You are dealing unfairly with me when you pretend that

* This was Mr. John Abercrombie, "a pious and simple man," who said to the Father whilst suffering this injustice : "Never mind Mr. Ogilvie, the more you suffer undeservedly, the greater will be your reward." And it was from this that took rise the Scotch proverb : "The mair wrang ye dree, the better for ye, as Abercrombie tauld the priest."

I have said anything in prejudice of the King. I have said and done nothing of the kind, I have only asserted that the Pope has spiritual jurisdiction in the King's dominions and in the whole world amongst Christians, and can excommunicate an heretical king. If I have said anything else, let the document be shown to the people, for I have put my signature to those things which I have asserted, and am ready to die for them. You have written false things to the King about me, and now would wish to persuade the people of them. I and another Scotchman have done more amongst foreign nations in the service of his Royal Majesty (and being questioned he replied that he meant Father Crichton) than you or all the ministers of Scotland could do; and for him am prepared to peril my life. I am delivered up to death then for religion alone. The minister inquired of him whether he was afraid of death: "No more," said he, "for so good a cause, than you fear the dishes when you go to supper." After this they again tied his hands behind his back, so tightly that his fingers trembled, and he was commanded to ascend the ladder. As he went up he was persevering in prayer and in begging the suffrages of Catholics, if any should happen to be present. Then he began to invoke aloud all the heavenly



A VIEW OF THE BUILDINGS OF THE COLLEGE AND BLACKFRIARS.

The space opposite the College Gate is the spot usually pointed out as the traditional site of
Father Orilus's mortuorum

court, declaring in the hearing of all that his hope was reposed in the merits of the blood of Christ, and that, first in Latin and then in English. After the repeated commands of the sheriff to throw him off the ladder, the executioner at last reluctantly, and with great compassion, cast him down from the step. When this was done, there arose a tumult and murmur, every sex and age regretting his unjust death, and expressing their detestation of the cruelty of the ministers and especially of the Archbishop, and praying that God would repay the vengeance of the martyr's innocent blood at the source and save the people guiltless. Complaints for which the ministers reproached them in their subsequent preachings, saying that they ought not to be displeased at the death of a villain and seducer. But the people amongst themselves rejected the calumnies and unjust accusations of the ministers, and kept repeating their former sentiments and referring to the Provostship offered him, wife, royal rewards, &c., which were the most certain proofs of his innocence. The cord by which the most holy soul of the martyr had been released from the prison-house of the body was cut, and the holy body, having nothing to retain it, fell with a great fall on the boards below, and was inclosed in a coffin by the executioner and the

heretical burial men (for no one of the Catholics dared approach), and was committed to the earth in a certain place outside the city destined for the burial of criminals.

But in the evening a certain horseman was observed about two miles outside the city, who, when he knew that the priest had been delivered up to death, returned home with great haste. During the night, moreover, which was a rough one, about forty horsemen were seen about the tomb of the martyr, who are believed to have carried off the sacred remains, as without doubt they were Catholics. The circumstance was reported to the magistrate, who came in the morning with a great company to the place. The earth was found a little moved, and at the order of the magistrate some of them tried to find out whether the coffin was beneath the earth by digging into it some iron rods sharpened with two prongs. They found something resisting, and accordingly were forbidden to make any further inquiry, as it was asserted that it was evident that the body had not been taken away.

The aforesaid martyr was captured, as his fellow-prisoners say, about the 14th of October, 1614, and was martyred 10th of March, 1615.

APPROBATION.

This account of the imprisonment and martyrdom of the Rev. Father John Oglivie may be usefully printed.

Douay, 29th of July, 1615.

GEORGE COLVENER,

*Doctor and Professor of S. Theo. and Censor of
Books in the Douay College.*

APPENDIX.

The following incident is from a document written and signed by Father James Browne, S.J., who was Rector of Douay College in 1668 and 1672 :

On the night which preceded the martyrdom of the venerable Father John Ogilvie, Mr. John Browne, of Logh-hill, the father of the Rev. James Browne, S.J., whilst making a visit of charity to the Father in prison promised him that he would that night open to him a way of escape, and of saving his life and recovering his liberty. The Father smiled affectionately, and embracing this distinguished gentleman with great marks of friendship, expressed to him his extreme gratitude for the offered kindness, but assured him that death for so splendid a cause was more acceptable to him than any life, and that he looked forward to it with so sincere a desire as to fear nothing so much as that he should by any accident be snatched away from it. The noble Father was junior in age of the two, and as this state of mind was deeply consoling him and very powerfully animating

him to undergo what he was afterwards to suffer for the faith, the two rushed with tearful eyes into one another's arms, and the generous martyr begged Mr. Browne not to leave the city until God had completed what He had begun in him. This Mr. Browne promised that he would faithfully observe, and undertook to keep as close to the Father's side as he could.

Next day, when the martyr was brought forth from the prison on the road to the scaffold, the heretical minister was at hand along with the officers, Mr. Browne was also at hand and always close to the Father, along with other Catholic gentlemen. The minister addressed the Father and expressed the extremely kind feeling he had for him. "Oh, how much I grieve for you, my dear Ogilvie," he said, "who are knowingly and wilfully casting yourself into the jaws of an infamous death." Then the Father, feigning fear, said: "Just as if my life hung on my own free will—I am accounted guilty of high treason and for that am condemned." "Have done," said the minister, "with that crime of yours. Give up the Pope and Papistry, and you shall be forgiven that crime and I will reward you with gifts." "You mock me," said the Father. "I speak seriously and with certain authority," subjoined the minister. "My Lord Archbishop gave com-

mission to me to promise you his daughter in marriage, and the richest prebend of the diocese as her dowry, provided I found you willing to step over from your religion to ours." Whilst these things were being said they reach the scaffold. The minister urges the Father to be willing to live. The Father replied that he was willing, but not with disgrace. "I have said and repeat," urged the minister, "that you may live with honour." "Would you be willing to say that, so that the people could hear?" "By all means," he replied. "Listen all present," cried Father Ogilvie, "to what the minister is going to say to us." Then the minister gave out: "I promise to Mr. Ogilvie life, the Lord Archbishop's daughter, and a very rich prebend, provided he be willing to come over to our side." "Do you hear this?" said the Father, "and will you confirm it as witnesses when it shall be needed?" "We have heard," cried the people, "and we will confirm it; go down, Mr. Ogilvie, go down." Upon this the Catholics began to tremble and the heretics to triumph. "There is no fear then that I shall be held hereafter as guilty of high treason?" "By no means," all the people from the street cried out together. "I stand here therefore a criminal on the head of religion alone?" "Of that alone," they cry

out. "Very well," triumphantly exclaimed the Father, "that is plenty ; on the head of religion alone I am condemned, and for that I would willingly and joyfully pour forth even a hundred lives. Snatch away that one which I have from me and make no delay about it, but my religion you will never snatch away from me." At this the Catholics raised their heads in triumph, whilst the heretics who had been thus taken in were in a fury, and above all the minister, who harshly received the Father as he was preparing to say more, and commanded him to be led away to the gallows as quickly as possible.

This I heard from my father at Douay in the year 1638, when, after having suffered thirty years of persecution and one year of imprisonment, he came at length an exile and an illustrious confessor into Belgium.

Douay—written with the Father's own hand,

JAMES BROWNE, Society of Jesus.

23rd February, 1672.

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